

MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

High School Poetry Book

PART II

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
W. J. SYKES, B.A.

TORONTO
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1904

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BY

W. J. SYKES, B.A.

English Master, Collegiate Institute, Ottawa

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High School Poetry Book

PART II

THE SHEPHERD OF KING ADMETUS¹

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

There came a youth upon the earth,
Some thousand years ago,
Whose slender hands were nothing worth,
Whether to plough, or reap, or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise-shell 5
He stretched some chords, and drew
Music that made men's bosoms swell
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had 10
Pure taste by right divine,
Decreed his singing not too bad
To hear between the cups of wine:

1. The shepherd of King Admetus was Apollo, god of music and poetry. An old myth relates that Zeus, becoming angry at Apollo, banished him from heaven. For nine years the exiled deity served Admetus, king of Thessaly, as shepherd. What general ideas does Lowell express in his version of this myth?

And so, well pleased with being soothed
 Into a sweet half-sleep,
 Three times his kingly beard he smoothed, 15
 And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough,
 And yet he used them so,
 That what in other mouths was rough
 In his seemed musical and low. 20

Men called him but a shiftless youth,
 In whom no good they saw;
 And yet, unwittingly, in truth,
 They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all, 25
 For idly, hour by hour,
 He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,
 Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things
 Did teach him all their use, 30
 For, in mere weeds, and stones, and springs,
 He found a healing power profuse.

Stanzas 7 and 8. Compare Wordsworth's lines in *The Poet's Epitaph*,

"The outward shows of sky and earth,
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed ;
 And impulses of deeper birth
 Have come to him in solitude.

"In common things that round us lie
 Some random truths he can impart,—
 The harvest of a quiet eye
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

Men granted that his speech was wise,
 But, when a glance they caught
 Of his slim grace and woman's eyes, 35
 They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone,
 And e'en his memory dim,
 Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
 More full of love, because of him. 40

And day by day more holy grew
 Each spot where he had trod,
 Till after-poets only knew
 Their first-born brother as a god.

HEAT

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
 The road runs by me white and bare;
 Up the steep hill it seems to swim
 Beyond, and melt into the glare.
 Upward half-way, or it may be 5
 Nearer the summit, slowly steals
 A hay-cart, moving dustily
 With idly clacking wheels.

By his cart's side the wagoner
 Is slouching slowly at his ease, 10
 Half-hidden in the windless blur
 Of white dust puffing to his knees.

This wagon on the height above,
 From sky to sky on either hand,
 Is the sole thing that seems to move 15
 In all the heat-held land.

Beyond me in the fields the sun
 Soaks in the grass and hath his will ;
 I count the marguerites one by one ;
 Even the buttercups are still. 20
 On the brook yonder not a breath
 Disturbs the spider or the midge.
 The water-bugs draw close beneath
 The cool gloom of the bridge.

Where the far elm-tree shadows flood 25
 Dark patches in the burning grass,
 The cows, each with her peaceful cud,
 Lie waiting for the heat to pass.
 From somewhere on the slope near by
 Into the pale depth of the noon 30
 A wandering thrush slides leisurely
 His thin revolving tune.

In intervals of dreams I hear
 The cricket from the droughty ground ;
 The grasshoppers spin into mine ear 35
 A small innumerable sound.
 I lift mine eyes sometimes to gaze :
 The burning sky-line blinds my sight :
 The woods far off are blue with haze :
 The hills are drenched in light. 40

And yet to me not this or that
 Is always sharp or always sweet ;

In the sloped shadow of my hat
 I lean at rest, and drain the heat;
 Nay more, I think some blessed power 45
 Hath brought me wandering idly here:
 In the full furnace of this hour
 My thoughts grow keen and clear.

PIPPA'S SONG¹

ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hillside's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ; 5
 The snail's on the thorn :
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world !

THOMAS THE RHYMER

OLD BALLAD

True Thomas lay on Huntley bank ;
 A ferlie² spied he wi' his ee ;
 There he saw a lady bright
 Come riding down by the Eildon Tree.

1. "Pippa, a young girl who works in a silk factory, during her one-day's annual holiday sings a number of little songs which influence for good the lives of certain people who hear them . (This song) is full of open-air delight in Nature and of the optimism which comes from it."

2. Strange thing, marvel.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk, 5
 Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
 At ilka tett¹ o' her horse's mane,
 Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
 And louted² low down on his knee: 10
 "Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
 For thy peer on earth could never be.

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
 "That name does not belong to me;
 I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland, 15
 That hither have come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp,³ Thomas," she said;
 "Harp and carp along wi' me;
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
 Sure of your body I shall be." 20

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
 That weird⁴ shall never daunt⁵ me."
 Syne⁶ he has kiss'd her on the lips.
 All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said, 25
 "Now, Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
 And ye maun serve me seven years,
 Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

1. A lock or knot of hair. 2. Bowed. 3. Sing, narrate.
 4. Destiny. 5. Frighten, daunt. 6. Afterwards.

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
And she's ta'en Thomas up behind; 30
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reached a desert wide, 35
And living land was left behind.

"Now, Thomas, light doun, light doun," she said,
"And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three. 40

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road, 45
That lies across the lily leven?¹
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the ferny brae? 50
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfin-land, 55
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

1. Lawn.

O they rade on, and further on,
 And they waded rivers abune the knee;
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,
 But they heard the roaring of a sea. 60

It was mirk,¹ mirk night, there was nae starlight
 They waded through red blude to the knee;
 For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
 Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green, 65
 And she pu'd an apple frae a tree;
 "Take this for thy wages, Thomas," she said;
 "It will give thee the tongue that can never lee."

"My tongue is my ain," then Thomas he said;
 "A gudely gift ye wad gie to me! 70
 I neither dought² to buy or sell
 At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"—
 "Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said, 75
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
 And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
 And till seven years were come and gane,
 True Thomas on earth was never seen. 80

1. Black. 2. Could.

TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees, 5
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease, 10
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind: 15
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flow'rs:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook; 20
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last ooziings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day, 25
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows,¹ borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn; 30
 Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

OZYMANDIAS²

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command, 5
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked³ them and the heart that fed:
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings: 10
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

1. Willows.

2. Ozymandias was an ancient king of Egypt. His tomb at Thebes was one of the wonders of antiquity. This tomb and the colossal statues at its entrance are now a mere mass of ruins.

3. Imitated.

QUIET WORK

MATTHEW ARNOLD

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
 One lesson which in every wind is blown,
 One lesson of two duties kept at one
 Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—

Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity! 5
 Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
 Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
 Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
 Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, 10
 Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;
 Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
 Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

KINMONT WILLIE

OLD BALLAD

O have ye na heard o' the fause Sakelde?
 O have ye na heard o' the keen Lord Scroope?
 How they hae ta'en bauld Kinmont Willie,
 On Haribee¹ to hang him up?

1. The place of execution at Carlyle.

Had Willie had but twenty men, 5
 But twenty men as stout as he,
 Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
 Wi' eight score in his companie.

They band his legs beneath the steed,
 They tied his hands behind his back; 10
 They guarded him, fivesome on each side,
 And they brought him ower the Liddel-rack.¹

They led him thro' the Liddel-rack,
 And also thro' the Carlisle sands;
 They brought him on to Carlisle castle, 15
 To be at my Lord Scroope's commands.

"My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,
 And wha will dare this deed avow?
 Or answer by the Border law?
 Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch?" 20

"Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver!²
 There's never a Scot shall set thee free:
 Before ye cross my castle yate,
 I trow ye shall take farewell o' me."

"Fear na ye that, my Lord," quo' Willie: 25
 "By the faith o' my body, Lord Scroope," he said,
 "I never yet lodged in a hostelrie,
 But I paid my lawing³ before I gaed."

1. A ford on the Liddell river. 2. Robber (from reave).
 3. Reckoning.

Now word has gane to the bauld Keeper,¹
 In Branksome Ha' where that he lay, 30
 That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
 He garr'd² the red wine spring on hie:
 "Now a curse upon my head," he said, 35
 "But avengèd of Lord Scroope I'll be!

"O is my basnet³ a widow's curch?⁴
 Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree?
 Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lightly me! 40

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
 Against the truce of Border tide,
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Is keeper here on the Scottish side?

"And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie, 45
 Withouten either dread or fear,
 And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
 Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

"O were there war between the lands,
 As well I wot that there is none, 50
 I would slight Carlisle castle high,
 Though it were builded of marble stone.

1. Chief lord of the Scottish border. (For a detailed account of this whole event see Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*).
 2. Made. 3. Helmet. 4. Cap.

"I would set that castle in a low,¹
 And sloken it with English blood!
 There's never a man in Cumberland 55
 Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

"But since nae war's between the lands,
 And there is peace, and peace should be,
 I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
 And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!" 60

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld,
 I trow they were of his ain name,
 Except Sir Gilbert Elliott, call'd
 The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld, 65
 Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch;
 With spur on heel, and splent² on spauld,³
 And gluves of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
 Wi' hunting-horns and bugles bright 70
 And fife and five cam' wi' Buccleuch,
 Like warden's men, array'd for fight.

And five and five, like masons gang,
 That carried the ladders lang and hie,
 And five and five, like broken men,⁴ 75
 And so they reach'd the Woodhouselee.

And as we cross'd the 'Bateable Land,⁵
 When to the English side we held,
 The first o' men that we met wi',
 Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde? 80

1. Flame. 2. Armour. 3. Shoulder. 4. Outlaws.
 5. Debateable land, part of the borders, claimed by both nations.

“Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?”
 Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell to me!”
 “We go to hunt an English stag,
 Has trespass’d on the Scots countrie.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye marshal men?” 85
 Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell me true!”
 “We go to catch a rank reiver,
 Has broken faith wi’ the bauld Buccleuch.”

“Where are ye gaun, ye mason lads,
 Wi’ a’ your ladders lang and hie?” 90
 “We gang to herry¹ a corbie’s² nest,
 That wons³ not far frae Woodhouseslee.”

“Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?”
 Quo’ fause Sakelde; “come tell to me!”
 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band, 95
 And the nevir a word of lear⁴ had he.

“Why trespass ye on the English side
 Row-footed⁵ outlaws, stand !” quo’ he ;
 The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
 Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie. 100

Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
 And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross’d
 The water was great and meikle of spait,⁶
 But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reach’d the Staneshaw-bank, 105
 The wind was rising loud and hie ;
 And there the Laird garr’d leave our steeds,
 For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

1. To rob, harry. 2. Raven. 3. Dwells. 4. Learning,
 art. 5. Rough-footed. 6. Flood.

And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
 The wind began full loud to blaw; 110
 But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
 When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
 Till we placed the ladders against the wa';
 And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell 115
 To mount the first before us a'.

He has ta'en the watchman by the throat,
 He flung him down upon the lead;
 "Had there not been peace between our lands,
 Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!" 120

"Now sound out, trumpets!" quo' Buccleuch;
 "Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!"
 Then loud the warden's trumpet blew—
O wha dare meddle wi' me?

Then speedilie to wark we gaed, 125
 And raised the slogan ane and a',
 And cut a hole through a sheet of lead,
 And so we wan to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and a' his men
 Had won the house wi' bow and spear; 130
 It was but twenty Scots and ten,
 That put a thousand in sic a stear !¹

Wi' coulters,² and wi' forehammers,
 We garr'd the bars bang merrilie,
 Until we came to the inner prison, 135
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

1. Stir. 2. Ploughshares.

And when we cam' to the lower prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie—
 "O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou's to die?" 140

"O I sleep saft, and I wake aft ;
 It's lang since sleeping was fley'd¹ frae me ;
 Gie my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' gude fellows that spier² for me."

Then Red Rowan has hente³ him up, 145
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 "Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell

"Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
 My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!" he cried ; 150
 "I'll pay you for my lodging maill,⁴
 When first we meet on the Border side."

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang ;
 At every stride Red Rowan made, 155
 I wot the Kinmont's airns play'd clang.

"O mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I have ridden horse baith wild and wood ;⁵
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode. 160

"And mony a time," quo' Kinmont Willie,
 "I've prick'd a horse out oure the furs ;⁶
 But since the day I back'd a steed,
 I never wore siccan heavy spurs."

1. Frightened. 2. Enquire. 3. Seized. 4. Rent.
 5. Mad. 6. Furrows.

We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank, 165
 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,
 And a thousand men on horse and foot
 Cam' wi' the keen Lord Scroope along.

Buccleuch has turn'd to Eden Water,
 Even where it flow'd frae bank to brim, 170
 And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
 And safely swam them through the stream.

He turn'd him on the other side,
 And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:
 "If ye like na my visit in merry England, 175
 In fair Scotland come visit me!"

All sore astonish'd stood Lord Scroope,
 He stood as still as rock of stane;
 He scarcely dared to trew¹ his eyes,
 When through the water they had gane. 180

"He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
 Or else his mother a witch maun be;
 I wadna have ridden that wan water
 For a' the gowd in Christentie."

WINTER

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,

1. Trust.

With shouts and clamorous squeakings; might and
 main 10
 Up the steep slope the horses stamp and strain,
 Urged on by hoarse-tongued drivers—cheeks
 ablaze,
 Iced beards and frozen eyelids—team by team,
 With frost-fringed flanks, and nostrils jetting
 steam.

TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
 To-night beneath my cottage-eaves;
 While, smitten by a lofty moon,
 The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
 Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen, 5
 That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
 Had sunk to rest with folded wings:
 Keen was the air, but could not freeze
 Nor check the music of the strings; 10
 So stout and hardy were the band
 That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened?—till was paid
 Respect to every Inmate's claim:
 The greeting given, the music played, 13
 In honour of each household name,
 Duly pronounced with lusty call,
 And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills; 20
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine, 25
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread through ours! 30

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds;
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door 35
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark, 40
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise 45
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid.

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
 With ambient streams more pure and bright 50
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone¹
 Glittering before the Thunderer's² sight,
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared
 The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient Manners! sure defence, 55
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
 Remnants of love whose modest sense
 Thus into narrow room withdraws;
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old! 60

Bear with me, Brother!³ quench the thought
 That slights this passion, or condemns;
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought
 From the proud margin of the Thames,
 And Lambeth's venerable towers, 65
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,
 Short leisure even in busiest days;
 Moments, to cast a look behind,
 And profit by those kindly rays 70
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
 And all the far-off past reveal.

1. The cestus of Venus, a very beautiful girdle worn by this goddess.

2. One of the names of Jupiter or Zeus.

3. Wordsworth's brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, was at this time rector of Lambeth on the Thames. Lambeth Palace is the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

OLD BALLAD

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine:
 "O whare will I get a skeely¹ skipper
 To sail this new ship o' mine?"

O up and spake an eldern knight 5
 Sat at the king's right knee:
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid² letter 10
 And sealed it wi' his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the sand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem;
 The king's daughter to Noroway, 15
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

"Be it wind or weet, be it hail or sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem;
 The king's daughter to Noroway,
 'Tis we must bring her hame." 20

They hoisted their sails on Monenday morn
 Wi' a' the speed they may;
 They hae landed safe in Noroway,
 Upon a Wodensday.

1. Skilful. 2. Broad or open; in opposition to close rolls.

- They hadna been a week, a week, 25
 In Noroway but twae,
 When that the lords o' Noroway
 Began aloud to say:
- “ Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's goud
 And a' our queenis fee.”¹ 30
- “ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
 Fu' loud I hear ye lie!
- “ For I brought as mickle white monie
 As gane² my men and me,—
 And I brought a half-fou³ o' gude red goud 35
 Out-o'er the sea wi' me.
- “ Mak' ready, mak' ready, my merry men a'!
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”
- “ Now ever alake! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.” 40
- “ I saw the new moon late yestreen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we'll come to harm.”
- They hadna sail'd a league, a league 45
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud
 And gurly grew the sea.
- The anthers brak, and the top-masts lap,⁴
 It was sic a deadly storm; 50
 And the waves came o'er the broken ship,
 Till a' her sides were torn.

1. Money. 2. Sufficed. 3. A half peck. 4. Leaped, sprung, snapped.

“ O where will I get a gude sailor
 To tak' the helm in hand,
 Till I gae up to the tall topmast, 55
 To see if I can spy land ?

“ Oh here am I, a sailor gude,
 To tak' the helm in hand,
 Till you gae up to the tall topmast
 But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.” 60

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bolt flew out o' our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in.

“ Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith, 65
 Anither o' the twine,
 And wap¹ them into our ship's side,
 And letna the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Anither o' the twine, 70
 And they wapped them into that gude ship's side,
 But still the sea cam' in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their cork-heel'd shoon;
 But lang ere a' the play was play'd 75
 They wat their hats aboon.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit
 Wi' their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the land! 80

1. To wrap tightly.

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
 Wi' their goud kaims in their hair
 Awaiting for their ain dear loves,
 For them they'll see nae mair.

Half ower, half ower to Aberdour,
 It's fifty fathoms deep;
 And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

85

SPRING

From *In Memoriam*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
 Now burgeons¹ every maze of quick²
 About the flowering squares, and thick
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,
 And drown'd in yonder living blue
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

5

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,
 And milkier every milky sail
 On winding stream or distant sea;

10

1. Puts forth buds. 2. Quick-set hedge.

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly
 The happy birds, that change their sky 15
 To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
 Spring wakens too; and my regret¹
 Becomes an April violet,
 And buds and blossoms like the rest. 20

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED

From *In Memoriam*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I past beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
 And saw the tumult of the halls;
 And heard once more in college fanes² 5
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
 The prophet blazon'd on the panes;
 And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars 10
 Among the willows; paced the shores
 And many a bridge, and all about

1. With the return of spring the poet's yearning for his lost friend revives.

2. Chapels.

The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past 15
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door:
 I linger'd; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
 That crash'd the glass and beat the floor; 20

Where once we held debate, a band¹
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labour, and the changing mart,
 And all the framework of the land;

When one would aim an arrow fair, 25
 But send it slackly from the string;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
 And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear 30
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
 The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw 35
 The God within him light his face,

1. In writing to Mr. J. E. Knowles, editor of "The Nineteenth Century" Lord Tennyson says that this is a reference to the Coldwater Club of which he and Hallam were members.

And seem to lift the form and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
 And over those ethereal eyes
 The bar of Michael Angelo.¹

THE FATHERLAND

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Where is the true man's fatherland?
 Is it where he by chance is born?
 Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
 In such scant borders to be spanned?
 O yes! his fatherland must be 5
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
 Where God is God, and man is man?
 Doth he not claim a broader span
 For the soul's love of home than this? 10
 O yes! his fatherland must be
 As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where'er a human spirit strives 15
 After a life more true and fair—
 There is the true man's birthplace grand;
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

1. A prominent ridge of bone above the eyes of this great artist. Hallam once said to Tennyson, "Alfred, look over my eyes; surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo,"

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another 20
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother—
 That spot of earth is thine and mine!
 There is the true man's birthplace grand;
 His is a world-wide fatherland!

A HIGHLAND DINNER PARTY

From *The Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

It was the afternoon ; and the sports were now
 at the ending.¹
 Long had the stone been put, tree² cast, and thrown
 the hammer ;
 Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it
 Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility
 wondrous :
 Run too the course on the level had been , the leaping
 was over : 5
 Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently added,
 Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume that
 was perfect,
 Turning the clansmen about, who stood with upraised
 elbows ;
 Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering kilt
 and sporran.³

1. These somewhat rugged hexameters may be compared with the opening lines of Kingsley's *Andromeda*.

2. Club.

3. A leather pouch in front of the kilt, part of the Highland dress.

It was four of the clock, and the sports were come
to the ending, 10
Therefore the Oxford party¹ went off to adorn for the
dinner.

Be it recorded in song who was first, who last, in
dressing.

Hope was the first, black-tied, white-waistcoated,
simple, his Honour ;

For the postman made out he was heir to the
earldom of Ilay,

(Being the younger son of the younger brother, the
Colonel) 15

Treated him there(ore with special respect ; doffed
bonnet, and ever

Called him his Honour : his Honour he therefore
was at the cottage,

Always his Honour at least ; sometimes the Viscount
of Ilay.

Hope was first, his Honour, and next to his Honour
the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nicknamed
Adam, 20

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-cut
waistcoat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense
and feeling beneath it ;

1. An Oxford reading party with their tutor were spending
the vacation in the Highlands.

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets unrivalled ;

Shady in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays and Aldrich.¹

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waistcoat,
work of a lady, 25

Lindsay succeeded ; the lively, the cheery, cigar-
loving Lindsay,

Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the Dialect-
ician,²

This was his title from Adam because of the words
he invented,

Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for
the party,

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they called
him the Piper. 30

Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-
loving Lindsay. †

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine*
bathing ; of course too

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*, Audley
by surname,

Arthur they called him for love and for euphony ;
they had been bathing,

There where in mornings was custom, where over
a ledge of granite 35

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,

1. Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford (1647-1710), divine, scholar and musician, whose *Compendium of Logic* was for scores of years one of the ordinary text-books at Oxford.

2. Note the humorous play on words.

Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches
between them.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam ;
on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of
Olympus
Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had white
silk facings, 40
Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely
adjusted,
Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet
of women :
When for ten minutes already the four-wheel had
stood at the gateway,
He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian
chamber.

And in the four-wheel they drove to the place of
the clansmen's meeting. 45
So in the four-wheel they came ; and Donald the
innkeeper showed them
Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four
tables were in it ;
Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised
from the level,
These for Chairman and Croupier,¹ and gentry fit
to be with them,
Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie
and peasant. 50
Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet as-
sembled ;

1. An assistant chairman at a public dinner.

Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted
 gillies ;
 Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the
 drunkard ;
 Many with silver brooches, and some with those
 brilliant crystals
 Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the
 Cairn-Gorm,¹ 55
 But with snuff-boxes all, and all of them using the
 boxes.
 Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established
 Minister standing,
 Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the Ancient
 Worship ;
 And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a
 chapel ;
 So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other,
 but silent, 60
 One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.
 Hither anon too came the shrewd ever-ciphering
 Factor,
 Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute and
 stately,
 Hither from lodge and bothie² in all the adjoining
 shootings
 Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes
 and blue-books, 65
 Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of
 the forest,

1. A mountain in the north of Scotland on which is found a variety of smoky-yellow stone.

2. A cottage.

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless Railway
Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl and
Croupie ;

And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long-
looked for, himself too

Eager, the grey but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the
Chief and the Chairman. 70

Then was the dinner served, and the minister
prayed for a blessing,

And to the viands before them with knife and with
fork they beset them ;

Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton ; and
grouse succeeding ;

Such was the feast, with whiskey of course, and at
top and bottom

Small decanters of sherry, not overchoice, for the
gentry. 75

So to the viands before them with laughter and chat
they beset them.

And when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly
been sated,

Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God thanks
for the dinner.

Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-
mixed toddy.

And, with the bottles and glasses before them, they
sat digesting, 80

Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts
and speeches.

Spare me, O great Recollection ! for words to the
task were unequal,

Spare me, O mistress of song ! nor bid me minutely
remember

All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed
tempting toddy.

How were healths proposed and drunk with all the
honours, 85

Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three
thrice over,

Queen, and Prince,¹ and army, and landlords all,
and keepers ;

Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from grammar-
defiers

Long constructions strange and plusquam-Thucy-
didean,²

Tell, how as sudden torrent in time of speat³ in the
mountain 90

Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the
roughest,

Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in
the gallop,

Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one
yonder,

So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the
torrent, 95

All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting
of syntax,

Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of
Sir Hector.

1. The Prince Consort.

2. That is, longer and more involved than the sentences
of Thucydides, the Greek historian.

3. Flood.

Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as ever,
 How the Marquis of Ayr, with wonderful gesticulation,
 Floundering on through game and mess-room recollections, 100
 Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted gillies,
 Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,
 Swore he would never abandon his country, nor give
 up deer-stalking ;¹
 How, too, more brief, and plainer, in spite of Gaelic
 accent,
 Highland peasants gave courteous answer to flattering
 nobles. 105

Two orations alone the memorial song will render ;
 For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively Sir
 Hector,
 Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often
 repeated,
 Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant Highland
 soldiers
 Whom he erst led in the fight ;—something husky,
 but ready, tho' weary, 110
 Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome
 chieftain :—

“ Fill up your glasses once more, my friends—
 with all the honours,
 There was a toast which I forgot, which our gallant
 Highland homes have

1. Note the humorous confusion and lack of connection of this speech of Sir Hector's.

Always welcomed the stranger, I may say, delighted
to see such

Fine young men at my table—My friends ! are you
ready ? the Strangers. 115

Gentlemen, here are your healths,—and I wish you—
with all the honours !”

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the
honours,

All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché de-
tecting his Honour,

The Guardsman moving to Arthur, the Marquis
sidling to Airlie,

And the small Piper below getting up and nodding
to Lindsay.— 120

But, while the healths were being drunk, was much
tribulation and trouble,

Nodding and beckoning across, observed of Attaché
and Guardsman:

Adam wouldn't speak,—indeed it was certain he
couldn't ;

Hewson could, and would if they wished ; Philip
Hewson the poet,

Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scorning
ladies, 125

Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury
Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and
bishops,

Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters
the Game-laws :

He could speak, and was asked to by Adam, but
Lindsay aloud cried

(Whiskey was hot in his brain) “ Confound it, no,
not Hewson, 130

Ain't he cocksure to bring in his eternal political humbug ? ”

However, so it must be, and after due pause of silence, Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling oddly to Adam,

Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical Hewson,

“ I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger present

135

I have not, as two or three of my friends, in my veins some tincture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood ; no, nothing like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and thank you.

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my companions, Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting, 140 All the more welcome as showing you do not account us intruders,

Are not unwilling to see the north and the south for-gather.

And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English more thoroughly mingled ;

Scarcely with warmer hearts and clearer feeling of manhood,

Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular battle,

145

Where the life and the strength came out in the tug and tussle,

Scarcely where man met man, and soul encountered with soul, as

Close as do the bodies and twining limbs of the wrestlers,

When for a final bout are a day's two champions
mated,—

In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and clay-
mores, 150

At the old Flodden-field—or Bannockburn—or Cullo-
den.”

—(And he paused a moment, for breath, and because
of some cheering)—

“ We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old
fighting.

Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other
the better,

We can now shake hands without pretending or
shuffling.” 155

On this passage followed a great tornado of
cheering,

Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two
got broken :

He, ere the cheers died wholly away, and while still
there was stamping,

Added, in altered voice, with a smile, his doubtful
conclusion,

“ I have, however less claim than others perhaps
to this honour, ’ 160

For, let me say, I am neither game-keeper nor game-
preserver.”

So he said, and sat down, but his satire had not
been taken.

Only the “ men,”¹ who were all on their legs as con-
cerned in the thanking

1. In Oxford and Cambridge parlance the most juvenile
of undergraduates is a ‘man’ directly he has entered residence.

Were a trifle confused, but mostly sat down without
laughing;

Lindsay alone close facing the chair, shook his fist
at the speaker. 165

Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming
election,

Only the Attaché glanced at the Guardsman, who
twirled his moustachio.

Only the Marquis faced round, but not quite clear
of the meaning,

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat
on the table. 170

And soon after the chairman arose, and the feast
was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith adorned
for the dancing,

And to make way for this purpose, the Tutor and
pupils retiring

Were by the chieftain addressed and invited to come
to the castle.

But ere the doorway they quitted, a thin man, clad
as the Saxon.¹ 175

Trouser and cap and jacket of home-spun blue,
hand-woven,

Singled out and said, with determined accent to
Hewson,

Touching his arm : " Young man, if ye pass through
the braes o' Lochaber,

See by the lochside ye come to the Bothie of Tober-
na-vuolich."

1. That is, not in kilt, but in ordinary Southern, English,
or Sassenach garb.

TO THE CUCKOO

JOHN LOGAN

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green, 5
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers, 10
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of spring to hear, 15
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands
Another spring to hail. 20

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee! 25
 We'd make, with joyful wing,
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,
 Companions of the spring.

THE GREEN LINNET

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
 With brightest sunshine round me spread
 Of spring's unclouded weather,
 In this sequester'd nook how sweet 5
 To sit upon my orchard-seat!
 And flowers and birds once more to greet,
 My last year's friends together.

Oñe have I mark'd, the happiest guest
 In all this covert of the blest: 10
 Hail to thee, far above the rest
 In joy of voice and pinion.
 Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
 Presiding spirit here to-day,
 Dost lead the revels of the May, 15
 And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers
 Make all one band of paramours,
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
 Art sole in thy employment; 20

A life, a presence like the air,
 Scattering thy gladness without care,
 Too blest with any one to pair,
 Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees, 25
 That twinkle in the gusty breeze,
 Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
 Yet seeming still to hover ;
 There! where the flutter of his wings
 Upon his back and body flings 30
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
 That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives ;
 A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves 35
 Pours forth his song in gushes ;
 As if by that exulting strain
 He mocked and treated with disdain
 The voiceless form he chose to feign
 While fluttering in the bushes. 40

ALL-SAINTS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

One feast, of holy days the crest,
 I, though no Churchman, love to keep,
 All-Saints,—the unknown good that rest
 In God's still memory folded deep ;
 The bravely dumb that did their deed, 5
 And scorned to blot it with a name,

Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved Heaven's silence more than fame.

Such lived not in the past alone,
But thread to-day the unheeding street,
And stairs to Sin and Famine known
Sing with the welcome of their feet;
The den they enter grows a shrine,
The grimy sash an oriel burns,
Their cup of water warms like wine,
Their speech is filled from heavenly urns.

About their brows to me appears
An aureole traced in tenderest light,
The rainbow-gleam of smiles through tears
In dying eyes, by them made bright,
Of souls that shivered on the edge
Of that chill ford repassed no more,
And in their mercy felt the pledge
And sweetness of the farther shore.

TWO VOICES ARE THERE

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF
SWITZERLAND

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age, thou didst rejoice.
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee

Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, oh, cleave to that which still is left ; 10
 For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee!

—1807.

HYND¹ HORN

OLD BALLAD

Near the King's court was a young child born,,
*With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;*²
 And his name it was called Young Hynd Horn,
*And the birk and the broom*³ *blooms bonnie.*

Seven lang years he served the King, 5
 And it's a' for the sake o' his daughter Jean,

The King an angry man was he,
 He sent Young Hynd Horn to the sea.

O his love gave him a gay gold ring,
 With three shining diamonds set therein. 10

1. Courteous, gentle.

2. Lines two and four properly belong to each stanza,
 but have been omitted here to economise space.

3. Birch.

“As lang as these diamonds keep their hue,
Ye’ll know I am a lover true,

“But when your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I’m in love with another man.”

He’s gone to the sea and far away, 15
And he’s stayed for seven lang years and a day.

Seven lang years by land and sea,
And he’s aften look’d how his ring may be.

One day when he look’d this ring upon,
The shining diamonds were pale and wan. 20

He hoisted sails, and hame cam’ he,
Hame unto his ain countrie.

He’s left the sea and he’s come to land,
And the first he met was an auld beggar-man.

“What news, what news, my silly auld man? 25
For it’s seven lang years since I saw this land.”

“No news, no news,” doth the beggar-man say,
“But our King’s ae Daughter she’s wedded to-day.”

“Wilt thou give to me thy begging coat?
And I’ll give to thee my scarlet cloak. 30

“Give me your auld pike-staff and hat,
And ye sall be right weel paid for that.”

The auld beggar-man cast off his coat,
And he's ta'en up the scarlet cloak.

He's gi'en him his auld pike-staff and hat, 35
And he was right weel paid for that.

The auld beggar-man was bound for the mill,
But Young Hynd Horn for the King's ain hall.

When he came to the King's ain gate,
He asked for a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake. 40

These news unto the bonnie bride cam',
That at the gate there stands an auld man.

There stands an auld man at the King's gate,
He asketh a drink for Young Hynd Horn's sake.

The bride cam' tripping down the stair, 45
The combs o' fine goud in her hair,

A cup o' the red wine in her hand,
And that she gave to the beggar-man.

Out o' the cup he drank the wine,
And into the cup he dropt the ring. 50

"O gat thou this by sea or by land?
Or gat thou it aff a dead man's hand?"

"I gat it neither by sea nor land,
Nor gat I it from a dead man's hand.

“But I gat it at my wooing gay,
And I gie it to you on your wedding-day.” 55

“I’ll cast aside my satin gown,
And I’ll follow you frae toun to toun.

“I’ll tak’ the fine goud frae my hair,
And follow you for evermair.” 60

He let his cloutie¹ cloak down fa’,
Young Hynd Horn shone above them a’.

The Bridegroom thought he had her wed,
With a hey lillelu and a how lo lan ;
But she is Young Hynd Horn’s instead, 65
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie.

TO EVENING

WILLIAM COLLINS

If aught of oaten stop,² or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs and dying gales ;

O nymph reserved ! while now the bright-haired sun 5
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,³
O’erhang his wavy bed:—

1. Ragged or mended.

2. Pipe of oat straw upon which shepherds were represented
as playing ; hence pastoral poetry.

3. Woven by spirits of the air.

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing ; 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid composed, 15
 To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return! 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
 sedge, 25
 And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car,—

Then, lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, o'er some time-hallowed
 pile, 30
 Or upland fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods, 35

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,
 And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light: .

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; 45
 Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
 Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

STATESMAN AND PEASANT

From *In Memoriam*

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Dost thou¹ look back on what hath been,
 As some divinely gifted man,
 Whose life in low estate began
 And on a simple village green;

1. The poet addresses his friend in heaven.

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar, 5
 And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
 And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known
 And lives to clutch the golden keys, 10
 To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
 Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
 The pillar of a people's hope, 15
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream, 20

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea 25
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands;
"Does my old friend remember me?"

TO NIGHT

TO NIGHT

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
 Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
"Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
 Sleep will come when thou art fled;
 Of neither would I ask the boon
 I ask of thee, beloved Night—
 Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

HYMN TO DIANA¹

BEN JONSON

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus² entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's³ shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close:
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright!

1. Diana was goddess of the moon and of hunting.

2. The evening star.

3. Another name for Diana, goddess of the moon; here it is the moon itself.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S
THREE SONS

OLD BALLAD

There are twelve months in all the year,
 As I hear many say,
 But the merriest month in all the year
 Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone, 5
 With a link a down, and a day,
 And there he met a silly¹ old woman,
 Was weeping on the way.

“What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
 What news hast thou for me?” 10
 Said she, “There’s my three sons in Nottingham town
 To-day condemned to die.”

“O, have they parishes burnt?” he said,
 “Or have they ministers slain?
 Or have they robbèd any virgin? 15
 Or other men’s wives have ta’en?”

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
 Nor yet have ministers slain,
 Nor have they robbèd any virgin,
 Nor other men’s wives have ta’en.” 20

1. Simple.

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."

"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said, 25
"How thou madest me sup and dine?"

By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day, 30
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news, I do thee pray?"

Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town 35
Are condemn'd to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine." 40

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl, 45
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown: 50
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame all the day long, 55
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from leg to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin gan say,
"This man loved little pride." 60

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."¹

Then he put on the old man's shoes, 65
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a down, 70
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said;
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man 75
To-day will your hangman be?"

1. Wish, inclination.

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee." 80

The Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life, 85
Nor yet intends to trade;
But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made."

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn; 90
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn."

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it in my mouth, 95
For thee it blows little good."

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out." 100

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill

The next loud blast that he did give, 105
 He blew both loud and amain,
 And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
 Came shining over the plain.

"O, who are those," the sheriff he said,
 "Come tripping over the lee?" 110
 "They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
 "They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,¹
 They set it in the glen,
 They hangèd the proud sheriff on that, 115
 Released their own three men.

NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE

JAMES SHIRLEY

The glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and Crown 5
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill: 10

1. Common.

But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath 15
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds: 20
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

THE PATRIOT¹

ROBERT BROWNING

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day 5

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.
 Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—
 But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
 They had answered, "And afterward, what else?" 10

1. "A political leader who has tasted the joys of popular devotion falls on evil days and goes to humiliation and death."

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep!
 Naught man could do, have I left undone:
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run. 15

There's nobody on the house-tops now—
 Just a palsied few at the windows set;
 For the best of the sight is, all allow,
 At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow. 20

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind;
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered, and thus I go!
 In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.
 "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
 Me?"—God might question; now instead,
 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so. 30

CHARLES XII¹

From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*

SAMUEL JOHNSON

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:

1. Charles XII. of Sweden was a famous warrior. He overcame the Emperor of Russia, the King of Denmark and the King of Poland. But in 1708 he met misfortune in an invasion of Russia. After a winter in which cold, hunger and disease

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain, 5
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign; 10
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till naught remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state, 15
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost.
 He comes,—nor want nor cold his course delay:
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day! 20
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend? 25
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; 30
 He left the name at which the world grew pale
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

had greatly reduced his army, he was completely defeated at Pultava. For a time he was a refugee at the Turkish Court. Returning to his own dominions he ruled amid many difficulties until in 1718 while besieging Friedrickshall in Norway he was killed by a bullet from the gun of one of his own men.

THE OCEAN

From *Childe Harold*

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more, 5
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! 10
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own, 15
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise, 20
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies 25
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.¹

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, 30
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar 35
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.²

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were
 free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey 40
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now. 45

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

1. For "lie."

2. After Nelson's victory at Trafalgar "a gale came on from the south-west; some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz....four only were saved".—Southey.

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless and sublime— 50
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy 55
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear, 60
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

PART I

On either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;¹ 5
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

1. The capital of King Arthur's dominions.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs forever
 By the island in the river

Flowing down to Camelot.

Four gray walls, and four gray towers, 15
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle embowers

The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd 20
 By slow horses; and unhail'd
 The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd

Skimming down to Camelot:

But who hath seen her wave her hand?
 Or at the casement seen her stand? 25
 Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
 In among the bearded barley,
 Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
 From the river winding clearly,

Down to tower'd Camelot:

And by the moon the reaper weary,
 Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
 Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy 35
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

There she weaves by night and day
 A magic web with colours gay.

She has heard a whisper say,
 A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot. 40
 She knows not what the curse may be,
 And so she weaveth steadily,
 And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott. 45

And moving thro' a mirror clear
 That hangs before her all the year,
 Shadows of the world appear.
 There she sees the highway near
 Winding down to Camelot : 50
 There the river eddy whirls,
 And there the surly village-churls,
 And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad, 55
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot.
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two;
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights, 65
 For often through the silent nights
 A funeral with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot.

As he rode down to Camelot. 95
 As often thro' the purple night,
 Below the starry clusters bright,
 Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
 Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
 On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
 From underneath his helmet flow'd
 His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
 From the bank and from the river 105
 He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
 "Tirra lirra," by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
 She made three paces thro' the room, 110
 She saw the water-lily bloom,
 She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She look'd down to Camelot.
 Out flew the web and floated wide ;
 The mirror crack'd from side to side ; 115
 "The curse is come upon me," cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
 The pale yellow woods were waning,
 The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
 Heavily the low sky raining,

Over tower'd Camelot ;
 Down she came and found a boat
 Beneath a willow left afloat,
 And round about the prow she wrote 125
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
 Like some bold seer in a trance,
 Seeing all his own mischance—
 With a glassy countenance 130

Did she look to Camelot.
 And at the closing of the day
 She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
 The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott. 135

Lying, robed in snowy white,
 That loosely flew to left and right—
 The leaves upon her falling light—
 Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot : 140
 And as the boat-head wound along
 The willowy hills and fields among,
 They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy, 145
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.

For ere she reach'd upon the tide 150
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
 By garden-wall and gallery, 155
 A gleaming shape she floated by,
 Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
 Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
 And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ; 165
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights of Camelot :
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 God in His mercy lend her grace, 170
 The Lady of Shalott."

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

HENRY WOTTON

How happy is he born or taught
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are, 5
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,—
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Nor vice; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his ear from rumours freed,
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a well-chosen book or friend; 20

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

THE CLOUD

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken 5
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their Mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under; 10
 And then again I dissolve it in rain
 And laugh as I pass in thunder. ←

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white, 15
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers¹
 Lightning, my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fetter'd the Thunder,—
 It struggles and howls at fits. 20

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills and the crags and the hills, 25
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
 The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,²
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain-crag, 35
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

1. From lines 16 to 30 Shelley gives us an imaginative expression of the fancy that the motion of the cloud is caused by the attraction of the lightning for the electricity in the earth.

2. Broken, drifting clouds.

An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And, when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
 beneath,
 Its ardour of rest and of love, 40
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white-fire laden, 45
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of *her* unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear, 50
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer.
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,— 55
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each pav'd with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,— 65
 The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch, through which I march,
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
 Is the million-colour'd bow; 70
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores; 75
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise, and unbuild it again.

BOOT AND SADDLE

A CAVALIER SONG

ROBERT BROWNING

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray.
 CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say; 5
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
 CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array: 10
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,
 CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
 I've better counsellors; what counsel they? 15
 CHO.—Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND¹

ROBERT BROWNING

That second time they hunted me
 From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
 And Austria, hounding far and wide
 Her blood-hounds thro' the country-side,
 Breathed hot an instant on my trace,— 5
 I made, six days, a hiding-place
 Of that dry green old aqueduct
 Where I and Charles,² when boys, have plucked

1. At this time (1845) Austria ruled over Northern Italy, a state of things that was much hated by Italian patriots. The speaker had been a leader in some agitation against the Austrians.

2. The speaker's friend or brother had evidently been a traitor to the cause of national liberty.

The fire-flies from the roof above,
 Bright creeping thro' the moss they love: 10
 —How long it seems since Charles was lost!
 Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
 The country in my very sight;
 And when that peril ceased at night,
 The sky broke out in red dismay 15
 With signal-fires. Well, there I lay
 Close covered o'er in my recess,
 Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
 Thinking on Metternich,¹ our friend,
 And Charles's miserable end, 20
 And much beside, two days; the third,
 Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
 The peasants from the village go
 To work among the maize: you know,
 With us in Lombardy, they bring 25
 Provisions packed on mules, a string,
 With little bells that cheer their task,
 And casks, and boughs on every cask
 To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
 These I let pass in jingling line; 30
 And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
 The peasants from the village, too;
 For at the very rear would troop
 Their wives and sisters in a group
 To help, I knew. When these had passed, 35
 I threw my glove to strike the last,
 Taking the chance: she did not start,
 Much less cry out, but stooped apart,

1. Metternich, the Austrian Chancellor, was much hated by all Italian patriots. "Our friend" is, of course, ironical.

One instant rapidly glanced round,
 And saw me beckon from the ground. 40
 A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
 She picked my glove up while she stripped
 A branch off, then rejoined the rest
 With that; my glove lay in her breast:
 Then I drew breath; they disappeared: 45
 It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
 Exactly where my glove was thrown.
 Meanwhile came many thoughts: on me
 Rested the hopes of Italy. 50
 I had devised a certain tale
 Which, when 'twas told her, could not fail
 Persuade a peasant of its truth;
 I meant to call a freak of youth -
 This hiding, and give hopes of pay, 55
 And no temptation to betray.
 But when I saw that woman's face,
 Its calm simplicity of grace,
 Our Italy's own attitude
 In which she walked thus far, and stood, 60
 Planting each naked foot so firm,
 To crush the snake and spare the worm—
 At first sight of her eyes, I said,
 "I am that man upon whose head
 They fix the price, because I hate 65
 The Austrians over us; the State
 Will give you gold—oh, gold so much!—
 If you betray me to their clutch,
 And be your death, for aught I know,
 If once they find you saved their foe. 70

Now, you must bring me food and drink,
 And also paper, pen and ink,
 And carry safe what I shall write
 To Padua, which you'll reach at night
 Before the duomo¹ shuts; go in, 75
 And wait till Tenebræ² begin;
 Walk to the third confessional,
 Between the pillar and the wall,
 And kneeling whisper, *Whence comes peace?*
 Say it a second time, then cease; 80
 And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
 My letter where you placed your lip;
 Then come back happy we have done 85
 Our mother service—I, the son,
 As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
 In the same place, with the same eyes:
 I was no surer of sun-rise 90
 Than of her coming. We conferred
 Of her own prospects, and I heard
 She had a lover—stout and tall,
 She said—then let her eyelids fall,
 "He could do much"—as if some doubt 95
 Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
 "She could not speak for others, who
 Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
 And so she brought me drink and food.
 After four days, the scouts pursued 100

1. The cathedral.

2. An evening service sung in Holy Week.

Another path; at last arrived
 The help my Paduan friends contrived
 To furnish me: she brought the news.
 For the first time I could not choose
 But kiss her hand and lay my own 105
 Upon her head—"This faith was shown
 To Italy, our mother; she
 Uses my hand and blesses thee."
 She followed down to the sea-shore;
 I left and never saw her more. 110

How very long since I have thought
 Concerning—much less wished for—aught
 Beside the good of Italy.
 For which I live and mean to die!
 I never was in love; and since 115
 Charles proved false, what shall now convince
 My inmost heart I have a friend?
 However, if I pleased to spend
 Real wishes on myself—say, three—
 I know at least what one should be. 120
 I would grasp Metternich until
 I felt his red wet throat distil
 In blood thro' these two hands. And next,
 —Nor much for that am I perplexed—
 Charles, perjured traitor, for his part 125
 Should die slow of a broken heart
 Under his new employers. Last
 —Ah, there, what should I wish? For fast
 Do I grow old and out of strength.
 If I resolved to seek at length 130
 My father's house again, how scared
 They all would look, and unprepared!

My brothers live in Austria's part
 —Disowned me long ago, men say;
 And all my early mates who used 135
 To praise me so—perhaps induced
 More than one early step of mine—
 Are turning wise: while some opine
 "Freedom grows license," some suspect
 "Haste breeds delay," and recollect 140
 They always said, such premature
 Beginnings never could endure!
 So, with a sullen "All's for best,"
 The land seems settling to its rest.
 I think then, I should wish to stand 145
 This evening in that dear, lost land,¹
 Over the sea the thousand miles,
 And know if yet that woman smiles
 With the calm smile; some little farm
 She lives in there, no doubt: what harm 150
 If I sat on the door-side bench,
 And while her spindle made a trench
 Fantastically in the dust,¹
 Inquired of all her fortunes—just
 Her children's ages and their names, 155
 And what may be the husband's aims
 For each of them. I'd talk this out,
 And sit there, for an hour about,
 Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
 Mine on her head, and go my way. 160

So much for idle wishing—how
 It steals the time! To business now.

1. Yet twenty years after the hopes of the patriot were realised.

When day is gane, and night is come, 25
 And a' folk bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
 The lee lang night, and weep,
 My dear—
 The lee-lang night, and weep. 30

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THOMAS CAMPION

The man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days 5
 In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
 Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
 Nor armour for defence, 10
Nor secret vaults to fly
 From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
 With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep 15
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things:

20

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

VENICE¹

From *Childe Harold, Canto IV.*

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,²
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand 5
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged Lion's³ marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred
 Isles!

1. Venice was founded in the fifth century. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries she was a powerful maritime and commercial nation. After the sixteenth century her power declined.

2. The bridge connecting the ducal palace with the state prisons. The bridge gets its name from the fact that prisoners constantly passed over it.

3. The Lion of St. Mark, the emblem of Venice.

pennerian stanza

She looks a sea Cybele,¹ fresh from ocean, 10
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers:
 And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East 15
 Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's² echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier; 20
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear:
 Those days are gone—but beauty still is here.
 States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
 Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear, 25
 The pleasant place of all festivity,
 The revel of the earth, the masque³ of Italy!

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
 Her name in story,⁴ and her long array
 Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond 30
 Above the dogeless⁵ city's vanished sway:
 Ours 's a trophy which will not decay

1. A gigantic goddess usually represented as wearing a crown of towers.

2. A famous Italian poet whose verses were often sung by Venetian gondoliers.

3. Masquerade, scene of revelry.

4. History.

5. The ruler of Venice was called a *doge*.

With the Rialto;¹ Shylock and the Moor,²
 And Pierre,³ cannot be swept or worn away
 The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er, 35
 For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

HOW OTHELLO WON DESDEMONA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending 5
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
 For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field; 10
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious
 patience,
 I will a round⁴ unvarnish'd tale deliver 15
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
 For such proceeding I am charged withal,—
 I won his daughter with.

1. The chief bridge in Venice. 2. Othello.

3. The chief character in Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

4. Plain, direct.

Bra. A maiden never bold; 20
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion¹
 Blush'd at herself;² and she—in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing—
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect, 25
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning Hell
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, 30
 Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof:
 Without more certain and more overt test,
 Then these thin habits and poor likelihoods 35
 Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I Sen. But, Othello, speak:
 Did you by indirect and forcèd courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
 Or came it by request, and such fair question 40
 As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth I do beseech you,
 Send for the lady to the Sagittary³
 And let her speak of me before her father,
 If you do find me foul in her report, 45
 The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
 Not only take away, but let your sentence
 Even fall upon my life.

1. White explains the expression thus. "Desdemona blushed when conscious of the natural passions of her sex."

2. Itself.

3. The Arsenal at Venice where Othello, as captain of the forces, resided.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient,¹ conduct them; you best know the place.— 50

[*Exeunt* IAGO and Attendants

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love, 55
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes, 60
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field; 65

Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance² in my travels' history:

Wherein of antres³ vast and de erts idle, 70
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat.
The Anthropophagi⁴, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear 75
Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence;

1. Ensign.

3. Caverns.

2. Bearing, conduct.

4. Man-eaters.

Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: which I observing, 80
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate¹
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively.² I did consent; 85
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore, *In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing*
 strange; 90
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me;
 And bade me, that if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story, 95
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used:
 Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 100

Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO and Attendants

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
 too.—

Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best: 105
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

1. To relate at length. 2. Attentively.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak:
 If she confess that she was half the wooer
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame 110
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty: 115
 To you I'm bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you're the lord of duty,
 I'm hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
 And so much duty as my mother show'd 120
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

Bra. God b' wi' you! I have
 done.—

SONNET CXVI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark, 5
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken,
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come; 10
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
 If this be error and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ nor no man ever lov'd.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS¹

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell, 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,²—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

1. See any large dictionary for a figure of one of these shells with its succession of chambers.

2. The poet was looking at a section of the shell.

Year after year beheld the silent toil¹ 15
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door, 20
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
 no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
 Than ever Triton² blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
 that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll! 30
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea! 35

1. "Each chamber is occupied in succession by the animal, which advances at intervals as it increases in size, forming a larger chamber and partitioning off the last one occupied."

2. A son of Neptune and Amphitrite. Triton is represented as half man, half dolphin and is supposed to calm the billows by blowing on a shell.

THE SHELL

From *Gebir*

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
 Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
 In the sun's palace-porch where, when unyoked
 His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
 Shake one and it awakens, then apply 5
 Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
 And it remembers its august abodes,
 And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes
 Thus mellowed to that tender ligh 5
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face; 10
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow, 15
 But tell of days in goodness spent.
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

YOU ASK ME WHY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till, 5
 That sober-suited¹ Freedom chose,
 The land, where girt with friends or foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown, 10
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,²
 But by degrees to fulness wrought,
 The strength of some diffusive thought 15
 Hath time and space to work and spread.

1. Moderate, unpretentious.

2. That is, rebellions are rare.

Should banded unions persecute—
 Opinion, and induce a time
 When single thought is civil crime,
 And individual freedom mute; 20

Tho' Power should make from land to land
 The name of Britain trebly great—
 Tho' every channel of the State
 Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth, 25
 Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
 And I will see before I die
 The palms and temples of the South.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF
 THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

DEAR SIR,—Your letter come to han'
 Requestin' me to please be funny;
 But I ain't made upon a plan
 Thet knows wut's comin', gall or honey:
 Ther's times the world doos looks so queer, 5
 Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;
 An' then agin, for half a year,
 No preacher 'thout a call 's more solemn.

You 're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,
 Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish 10

An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
 I 'd take an' citify my English.
 I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please —
 But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee
 Then, fore I know it, my idees 15
 Run helter-skelter into Yankee,

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
 I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin'
 The parson's books, life, death, an' time
 Hev took some trouble with my schoolin'; 20
 Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
 Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman,
 Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
 But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschoolled way 25
 Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger
 Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
 While book-froth seems to whet your hunger;
 For puttin' in a downright lick
 'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther 's few can *metch* it, 30
 An' then it helves my thoughts ez sli k
 Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all,
 For Natur' won't put up with gullin';
 Idees you hev to shove an' haul 35
 Like a druv pig ain't wuth a mullein
 Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru all rifts
 O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
 Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
 Feel thet th' old airth 's a-wheelin' sunwards. 40

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick
 Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
 An' into ary place 'ould stick
 Without no bother nor objection;
 But sence the war my thoughts hang back 45
 Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,
 An' subs'tutes—*they* don't never lack,
 But then they'll slope¹ afore you 've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz
 I can't see wut there is to hender, 50
 An' yet my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
 Like bumblebees agin a winder;
 'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,
 Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,
 Where I could hide an' think,—but now 55
 It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
 When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
 An' creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
 Walk the col' starlight into summer; 60
 Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
 Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
 Than the last smile thet strives to tell
 O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things 65
 Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover,
 They filled my heart with livin' springs,
 But now they seem to freeze 'em over;

1. Any college man can explain this word.

Sights innercent ez babes on knee
 Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle, 70
 Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
 To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try;
 Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
 But leaves my natur' stiff and dry 75
 Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
 An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
 Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
 An' findin' nary thing to blame,
 Is wus than ef she took to swearin'. 80

Snow-flakes come whisperin' on the pane
 The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant
 But I can't hark to wut they're say'n,
 With Grant or Sherman ollers present;¹
 The chimbleys shudder in the gale 85
 Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
 Like a shot hawk, but all 's ez stale
 To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
 When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented, 90
 An' hear among their furry boughs
 The baskin' west-wind purr contented
 While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
 Ez distant bells thet ring for me tin'.
 The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow, 95
 Further an' further South retreatin'.

1. This poem was written about the time that the great Civil War came to an end.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
 An' see a hundred hills like islan's
 Lift their blue woods in brok n chain
 Out o' the sea o' snowy silence; 100
 The farm-smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,
 Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin'
 Seem kin' o' sad' an' oun' the hearth
 Of empty places set me thinkin'

Beaver¹ roars hoarse with meltin' snows, 105
 An' rattles di'mon's from his granite;
 Time wuz he snatched away my prose,
 An' into psalms or satires ran it
 But he, nor all the rest thet once
 Started my blood to country-dances, 110
 Can't set me goin' more 'n a dunce
 Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
 I hear the drummers makin' riot,
 An' I set thinkin' o' the feet 115
 Thet follered once an' now are quiet,—
 White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
 Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
 Whose comin' step ther' 's ears thet won't,
 No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin . 120

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
 Did n't I love to see 'em growin ,
 Three like y lads ez wal could be,
 Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'

1. See Lowell's poem "Beaver Brook."

I set an' look into the blaze 125
 Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
 Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
 An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth 130
 On War's red techstone rang true metal,
 Who ventered life an' love an' youth
 For the gret prize o' death in battle?
 To him who, deadly hurt, agen
 Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
 Tippin' with fire the bolt of men 135
 Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'T ain't right to hev the young go fust,
 All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces.
 Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
 To try an' make b'lieve fill their places: 140
 Nothin' but tells us wut we miss
 Ther' 's gaps our lives can't never fay¹ in,
 An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
 Lef' for us loa ers to grow gray in!

Come Peace! not like a mourner bowed 145
 For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
 But proud, to meet a people proud,
 With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!
 Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
 An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter! 150
 Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
 Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water,

1. Fit.

Come, while our country feels the lift
 Of a gret instinct shoutin' forwards,
 An' knows that freedom ain't a gift 155
 Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards
 Come, sech as mothers prayed for, when
 They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
 An' bring fair wages for brave men,
 A nation saved, a race delivered! 160

IN MEMORIAM CI¹

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,
 The tender blossom flutter down,
 Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
 This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair, 5
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
 And many a rose-carnation feed
 With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
 The brook shall babble down the plain, 10
 At noon or when the lesser wain²
 Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
 And flood the haunts of hern and crake ;
 Or into silver arrows break 15
 The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

1. This poem was written on the occasion of the Tennyson family leaving their old home for the rectory of Towersby in 1837.

2. The constellation in which is situated the polar star.

Till from the garden and the wild
 A fresh association blow,
 And year by year the landscape grow
 Familiar to the stranger's child ; 20

As year by year the labourer tills
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;
 And year by year our memory fades
 From all the circle of the hills 25

SIR GALAHAD

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands, 10
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall!
 For them I battle till the end, 15
 To save from shame and thrall:

But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,¹
 I hear a noise of hymns:
 Then by some secret shrine I ride;
 I hear a voice, but none are there; 30
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark;
 I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
 I float till all is dark. 40
 A gentle sound, an awful light!
 Three angels bear the holy Grail:²
 With folded feet, in stoles of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.

1. For an illustration of this and the following lines see a copy of the painting, *Sir Galahad*, by Watts.

2. The vessel from which Christ and his disciples drank at the last supper.

Ah, blessed vision! blood of God! 45
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory slides,
 And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
 Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
 The cock crows ere the Christmas¹ morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.
 The tempest crackles on the leads,
 And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
 But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
 And gilds the driving hail.
 I leave the plain, I climb the height;
 No branchy thicket shelter yields;
 But blessed forms in whistling storms
 Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear, 70
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

1. An allusion to the old belief that on the night before Christmas "the bird of dawning singeth all night long."

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
 "O just and faithful knight of God!
 Ride on, the prize is near." 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail.

SELF DEPENDENCE

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Weary of myself, and sick of asking
 What I am, and what I ought to be,
 At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
 Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire 5
 O'er the sea and to the stars I send :
 "Ye who from my childhood up have calm'd me,
 Calm me, ah, compose me to the end !

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
 On my heart your mighty charm renew ; 10
 Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
 Feel my soul becoming vast like you !"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,

In the rustling night-air came the answer : 15

'Wouldst thou *be* as they are ? *Live* as they.

'Unaffrighted by the silence round them, -

Undistracted by the sights they see,

These demand not that the things without them

Yield them love, amusement, sympathy. 20

'And with joy the stars perform their shining,

And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll ;

For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting

All the fever of some differing soul.

'Bounded by themselves, and unregardful 25

In what state God's other works may be,

In their own tasks all their powers pouring,

These attain the mighty life you see.'

O air-born voice ! long since, severely clear,

A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear : 30

'Resolve to be thyself ; and know that he,

Who finds himself, loses his misery !'

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON¹

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,

1. See *A History of our own Times*. Chap xxiii.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 111

Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go, 15
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war, 30

Foremost captain of his time
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
 Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done:
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be toll'd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd:
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds: 55
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd:
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE 113
OF WELLINGTON

Thro' the dome of the golden cross;¹
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
His captain's-ear has heard them boom 65
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
In that dread sound to the great name
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.
O civic muse, to such a name, 75
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh like an honour'd guest,² 80
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea

1. The Duke of Wellington was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

2. This line and the two following are supposed to be uttered by Lord Nelson who was also buried in St. Paul's.

The historical allusions in this stanza can easily be explained by reference to the school history of England.

- Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man 85
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
- Was great by land as thou by sea 90
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;
 For this is England's greatest son, 95
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun:
 This is he that far away -
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105
 Where he greatly 'stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE 115
OF WELLINGTON

Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud Sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dash'd on every rocky square 125
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine;
If love of country move thee there at all, 140
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet 155
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt 160
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole, 165
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind 170
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts; 175
 He bade you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke 180
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow 185

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE 117
OF WELLINGTON

Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke 190
All great self-seekers trampling on the right;
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed. 195

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars, 200
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story, 205
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting 210
Into glossy purples, which outred
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands, 215

On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands 220
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land, 225
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory:
 And let the land whose hearts he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim 230
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 235

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see:
 Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee 240
 Late the little children clung:
 O peace, it is a day of pain
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
 Ours the pain, be his the gain! 245

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE 119
OF WELLINGTON

More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain 250
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear 255
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do 260
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will; 265
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust. 270
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
He is gone who seem'd so great.— 275
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him

Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown 280
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him.
 God accept him, Christ receive him. 285

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

JOHN KEATS

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe¹-wards had sunk :
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singing of summer in full-throated ease. 10

O, for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora² and the country green,

1. In Greek mythology a river (the river of oblivion) of which departed souls drank, thereby forgetting all about their life on earth.

2. The Roman goddess of flowers and of spring.

Dance, and Provençal¹ song, and sunburnt mirth.
 O, for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,²
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth ;
 That I might drink and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim : 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ; 25
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee, 30
 Not charioted by Bacchus³ and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon⁴ is on her throne, 35
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays ;
 But here there is no light,

1. The language of southern France. This language was used by the troubadours or lyric poets of southern France in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries.

2. A spring sacred to the Muses on Mount Helicon in Bœotia.

3. In Greek and Roman mythology the god of wine.

4. The Roman goddess of the moon was Luna or Diana.

Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet, 40
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ; 45
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves ;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and for many a time 50
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath ;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain, 55
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird ! 60
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home, 65
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn ;

The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell 70
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self !
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream, 75
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—Do I wake or sleep ?

THE WAITING

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I wait and watch : before my eyes
 Methinks the night grows thin and gray ;
 I wait and watch the eastern skies
 To see the golden spears uprise
 Beneath the oriflamme of day ! 5

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
 I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
 And see across the twilight glance,
 Troop after troop, in swift advance,
 The shining ones with plumes of snow ! 10

I know the errand of their feet,
 I know what mighty work is theirs ;
 I can but lift up hands unmeet,
 The threshing-floors of God to beat,
 And speed them with unworthy prayers. 15

I will not dream in vain despair
 The steps of progress wait for me :
 The puny leverage of a hair
 The planet's impulse well may spare,
 A drop of dew the tided sea. 20

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
 And yet not mine if understood ;
 For one shall grasp and one resign,
 One drink life's rue, and one its wine
 And God shall make the balance good. 25

O power to do ! O baffled will !
 O prayer and action ! ye are one.
 Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
 The harder task of standing still,
 And good but wished with God is done ! 30

THE END OF THE PLAY¹

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

The play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell:

1. These verses were printed at the head of a Christmas Book, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*.

A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
 It is an irksome word and task; 5
 And when he's laughed and said his say,
 He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word ere yet the evening ends:—
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme, 10
 And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas time.
 On life's wide scene you too have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play:
 Good-night! with honest gentle hearts 15
 A kindly greeting go away.

Good night!—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
 The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age. 20
 I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain, than those of men;
 Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive, 25
 Not less nor more as men than boys;
 With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
 And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray, 30
 Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
 The prize be sometimes with the fool, 35
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down. 40

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be he who took and gave!
 Why should your mother, Charles,¹not mine,
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?
 We bow to heaven that willed it so, 45
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state? 50
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, on that dust we'll kneel, 55
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,

1. Charles Buller, an intimate friend of Thackeray's, died Nov. 29, 1848. He was secretary to Lord Durham on his visit to Canada in 1838.

And longing passion unfulfilled. 60
 Amen! whatever fate be sent,
 Pray God the heart may kindly glow.
 Although the head with cares be bent,
 And whitened with the winter's snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill, 65
 Let young and old accept their part,
 And bow before the Awful Will,
 And hear it with an honest heart,
 Who misses or who wins the prize.—
 Go, lose or conquer as you can; 70
 But if you fail, or if you rise,
 Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old, or young!
 (Bear kindly with my humble lays)
 The sacred chorus first was sung 75
 Upon the first of Christmas days;
 The shepherds heard it overhead—
 The joyful angels raised it then:
 Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
 And peace on earth to gentle men. 80
 A song, save this, is little worth:
 I lay the weary pen aside,
 And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
 As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
 As fits the holy Christmas birth, 85
 Be this, good friends, our carol still,—
 Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
 To men of gentle will.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
 Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon, 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be 10
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
 Have sight of Proteus¹ rising from the sea ;
 Or hear old Triton² blow his wreathéd horn.

1. A marine deity who had the power of assuming any shape he chose.

2. See note on page 96.



— W. M.

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